

Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. VII.

JANUARY, 1903

No. 1



Whittier's Birthplace, Haverhill, Massachusetts, described in "Snow Bound"

510 & Tremont & Temple
Boston

"Topics for 1903"

The Outlook.	JANUARY.
Alaska.	FEBRUARY.
Our Treasury.	MARCH.
The Negroes.	APRIL.
Our New Possessions.	MAY.
Anniversary Notes.*	JUNE.
Mexico and New Mexico.	JULY.
August and September.	AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.
Chinese in America.	OCTOBER.
Mormons.	NOVEMBER.
Indians.	DECEMBER.

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

Note the remarkably low terms: Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents. Five copies and upwards to one address yearly, twenty cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

HOME MISSION ECHOES will be sent to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, when all arrears must be paid.

All monies and letters pertaining to subscriptions should be sent to Gertrude L. Davis, Business Manager of HOME MISSION ECHOES, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

THE WOMAN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY

510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

OFFICERS

President. — Mrs. ALICE B. COLEMAN, Boston, Mass.
Vice-Presidents. — Mrs. ANNA SARGENT HUNT, Augusta, Me.; Mrs. H. B. HODGKINSON, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. M. T. BLANCHARD, 63 Wheatland Ave., Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. L. T. HAWLEY, Brattleboro, Vt.; Mrs. F. O. DEATY, Hyde Park, Mass.; Mrs. C. F. BYAM, Charlestown, Mass.
Cor. Sec. — Mrs. M. C. REYNOLDS, 510 Tremont Temple.
Treasurer. — Miss GERTRUDE L. DAVIS, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston. (Office hours daily from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.)
Superintendent of Alaska Work. — Mrs. JAMES McWHINNIE, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

VICE-PRESIDENTS OF STATES

Eastern Maine. — Mrs. BELINDA FARNWORTH, West Sullivan, Maine.
Western Maine. — Mrs. W. H. THOMAS, Lewiston, Maine.
New Hampshire. — Mrs. M. T. HOAGUE, Concord; Assistant, Mrs. F. L. KNAPP, Milford.
Vermont. — Mrs. JULIA B. SAFFORD, Fairlee.
Eastern Massachusetts. — Mrs. E. B. EARLE, Newton, Mass. Assistant, Mrs. Alice Holt Brundage, Somerville.
Western Massachusetts. — Mrs. JOHN HILBRETH, Holyoke, Mass. Assistant, Mrs. N. N. Bishop, Chicopee Falls.
Rhode Island. — Mrs. M. E. HIXON, Providence.
Eastern Connecticut. — Mrs. E. DUNHURST, Voluntown; Assistant, Miss MARY L. HOWARD, Hartford.
Western Connecticut. — Mrs. FRANCES MCKINNEY, Ansonia; Assistant, Miss MARY L. HOWARD, Hartford.

All correspondence relating to Alaska matters, and orders for leaflets and gift-boxes, should be sent to Mrs. James McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston. All other correspondence relating to the Society should be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston.

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY

General Offices, 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

OFFICERS

President. — E. M. THRESHER, Esq., Ohio.
Vice-Presidents. — ANDREW McLEISH, Esq., Ill.; *JULIUS J. ESTEV, Esq., Vt.
Treasurer. — FRANK R. HATHAWAY, Esq., N. Y.
Auditors. — LEONARD F. REQUA, Esq., N. Y.; EDGAR L. MARSTON, Esq., N. Y.
Cor. Sec. — *THOMAS J. MORGAN, LL. D., N. Y.
Acting Cor. Sec. — Rev. H. L. MOREHOUSE, D. D.
Assistant Cor. Sec. — Rev. ALEX. TURNBULL, N. J.
Field Sec. — H. L. MOREHOUSE, D. D., N. Y.
Rec. Sec. — A. S. HOBART, D. D., N. Y.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS OF MISSIONS

Trans-Mississippi Division. — Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, and Arizona. — N. B. RAIDEN, D. D., 521 N. Y. Life Building, Omaha, Neb.
Pacific Coast Division. — Washington, Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, California, Montana, and Alaska. — C. A. WOODRIF, D. D., 302 Goodenough Building, Portland, Oregon.
Upper Mississippi District. — Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Wisconsin. — O. A. WILLIAMS, D. D., Minneapolis, Minn.
The French in New England. — Rev. J. N. WILLIAMS, 19 Arch Street, Providence, R. I.
The Germans. — Rev. G. A. SCHULTZ, 313A Charles Street, West Hoboken, N. J.
District Secretary for New England. — Rev. F. T. HAZLEWOOD, D. D., Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

* Deceased.

"Rest in the Lord, and Wait Patiently for Him"

(Psalm 37:7)

NOT, as a prisoner, panting to be free,
 Would I desire to rest, O Lord, in Thee.
 Nor would I shrink from all the toils of life,
 Shun all its crosses, and reject its strife.
 But calmly take what'er Thou shalt bestow
 Of joy or sadness, happiness or woe,
 And fear no ill, though dark the way may be.
 This is the rest I crave, my God, in Thee.

To feel, when sorrow's clouds above me roll,
 And deepest anguish overwhelms my soul,
 Thy powerful arm beneath, supporting still,
 And resting sweetly there, await Thy will.
 Though rough the waves on which my bark is borne
 And fiercely round me howls the waiting storm,
 To sail unawed, o'er life's tempestuous sea,
 And through the gloom, to calmly rest in Thee.

And if prosperity my pathway cheer,
 Still let me feel, O God, that Thou art near.
 And humbly grateful for Thy gifts to me,
 Still let me wait, and waiting, rest in Thee.
 Oh! thus to live, would be a heaven below,
 A foretaste of the bliss we soon shall know.
 If in that glorious home among the blest,
 We shall attain unto Thy heavenly rest.

Wollaston, Mass.

R. J. P.

THE joy of the worship of giving depends entirely upon the way in which we give. Some give cheerfully according to their ability, and not only get joy out of the service but give joy as well. Others give grudgingly because they think that they must give something. They give as little as possible, experience no joy themselves, and give none to others. They are to be pitied by those who know the true joy of cheerful giving. George Eliot says: "Some folks give according to their means, and some according to their meanness."

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—Tennyson.

Vol. VII

JANUARY, 1903

No. 1

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes

WE have left the old year behind us with its mistakes and failures, and with hearts aglow with love for the Master we turn to the new year with all its precious opportunities for service. Twenty-five years of loving ministry have been granted the Baptist women of New England in the work of Home Missions. During a quarter of a century over a half-million of dollars have been sent into the waste places of our land, and physical and spiritual help has been given to many needy ones. With due thanksgiving for all we have been permitted to do in the past, let us go forth into the new year of 1903. We gratefully record the fact that the debt which caused us so much anxiety at the close of the fiscal year, has been cancelled. One of the members of our Board, who gives generously to all lines of our work, has paid two hundred dollars toward the liquidation of the debt. We are very grateful that the debt is wiped out, but while we are released from the anxiety which has weighed upon us during the summer and autumn, we are facing another condition which forbids great rejoicing. Read carefully the financial statement upon the next column, and our real condition will be understood.

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

WE shall observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of our society upon Thursday afternoon and evening, January 22, 1903, in the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston, Mass. The afternoon session will consist of congratulatory words from representatives of sister societies, and addresses upon the past, present, and future of our work. During the time between the afternoon and evening sessions, there will be a social hour in the vestry, with light refreshments. The evening session will begin at 7.30, and will consist of select music, and addresses by Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., of New York, and Rev. James A. Francis, of the Clarendon Street Church, Boston. Will not the Baptist women of New England make their plans to attend this meeting upon January 22d?

Financial Statement

THE expenses for the general work of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society from April 1, 1902, to December 1, 1902, have far exceeded our receipts, leaving a debt December 1, 1902, of \$7,650.

The amount required in the Alaska work for the entire year is \$6,000. The amount required from April 1, 1902, to December 1, 1902, is \$4,000. The receipts from April 1, 1902, to December 1, 1902, are \$1,900, leaving a debt December 1, 1902, of \$2,100.

Remember these figures do not cover the fiscal year, but are simply the amount of our indebtedness to December 1, 1902. The facts have been laid before you. The officers at the rooms are carrying a heavy burden. What will you do to relieve it?

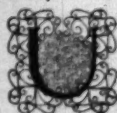
REV. F. L. KING, Geary, Oklahoma Territory, Arapahoe Indian Mission. Mrs. King is under appointment by our Society. Mrs. King wants toys, books, combs, brushes, candy, ribbons, bags made of gingham, dolls, tablecloths, sheets, comfortables, and all kinds of good warm, clean, whole, second-hand and new clothing. She also wants pieces of cloth, worsted, etc., which she can use in teaching the Indian women to sew, aprons, patchwork, etc.

DURING the past three months, our subscribers have not received their papers for the first Sunday of the month. We have arranged with the printer and mailing company to have the paper leave the office of the mailing company upon the 25th of the month, thus avoiding delay.

OUR readers will notice that no *tight-fitting cloaks or dress waists* are needed. Will those who propose sending these barrels, write to the Corresponding Secretary so that there will be an equal distribution of gifts?

WILL subscribers of ECHOES note the pink slip upon their paper, and see if their subscription has expired? The date upon the pink slip indicates the time to which the subscription has been paid. The mailing-list shows a large number of dates, 1903. This means that many should renew their subscriptions.

Notes



PON Monday, December 7th, Mrs. W. D. McKinney, State vice-president for Southwestern Connecticut, passed to her heavenly home. Mrs. McKinney has been ill since June, yet we were not prepared for the sad news which came to us from a member of the Ansonia church. At our annual meeting at Ruggles Street, she was with us, and we well remember her cheery face and sunny manner. Apparently in perfect health, we never thought it possible that she would be taken from us. Mrs. McKinney made a large place for herself in the church, in the State, and in all New England. We shall not soon forget her strong, tender talks upon mission themes, nor her Bible readings, which have so often helped us. Mrs. McKinney was one upon whom we could depend for any line of Christian service. May God comfort her sorrowing companion who is now left alone. The standard-bearers are falling by the way. Who will take their places?

Los Angeles, California

A letter written by a former Chinese pupil to his teacher at Sacramento, Cal.

MY DEAR TEACHER:

YOUR good words reached me safely, and I was very glad to hear from it. It is too bad that I have waited so long to write to you; the fact is, I have been very busy, and almost all the time have something to do.

I am so glad you have a good school, and I trust that you will be able to do much good work for the Master and lead many of our people to Jesus. And I shall always remember Mrs. Nelson as a faithful and excellent teacher.

My time is taken up with study; I take a private lesson every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening, and I study arithmetic and American history, and will take more later. My teacher's name is Mrs. Shepherd, but her husband is professor of chemistry in the university here.

Our mission school is not quite as large, but we always have fifteen to twenty every evening, with a number of teachers.

I hope you are getting along nicely, and that you are happy.

I shall be glad to hear from you whenever you have time to write. Pray for me, please, that I do not yield to temptation, but work harder for our Master. May God bless you.

Your pupil,

FRANK WANG CHANG.

2721 Portland St., October 7, 1902.

Butte, Montana

To the Woman's Home Mission Society, Boston, Mass.

DEAR SISTERS IN CHRIST:—

WE wish to send you a little offering* from your Chinese mission in Butte. You have been to us as a mother for eleven years now, caring for our welfare at all times, and providing us with the spiritual food to supply what is more than our bodies, our never-dying souls. We know you have done this because you love us, and do not expect a reward in this life. If you did you would put your money to other uses. Our dear sisters, may God always supply your needs, and may your Society live to celebrate many anniversaries, is our prayer.

Butte Chinese Mission,

Per J. SAM, Secretary.

November 10, 1902.

The sum sent was \$20.—M. C. B.

Fruitland, N. M.



Y October letter was due, several days ago, but I was so hurried all last week it could not be written. "What of the Navajos?" you ask. Well, as I sit here to-night I cannot keep the tears back, for the problem of helping these people both in a spiritual and material way is so great that it seems impossible to solve it. But our Heavenly Father knows, and we are leaning very hard on the Everlasting Arms. The dear sisters of New England have so generously responded to our appeal for help. One box, three barrels, and some bundles have arrived, and others are on the way. Some have been on the way since July. I hope they are not lost. These things will do very much good.

But here are the conditions. It is very cold here now mornings and nights. Very many of the Navajos are living in unsheltered hogans. All the fuel many of them have is some dry grass brush, a low, stubby growth of the desert. There is plenty of coal in the arroyo and wood on the mountains, but many of them have no wagons and cannot haul it. They come to the mission, and ask for our wood and coal. We would gladly give it to them if we could, but we just cannot. Mr. Wright is trying to get them to build houses. They can get lumber, windows, and doors at the agency. Some are planning to do so. But most of them will have to leave here this winter, for there is no grass, and they will have to wander around to find pasture for their flocks. This nomadic life hinders permanent homes.

Our Sunday services have been well attended and a good interest shown. But we have not yet had the joy of seeing any come to Christ. (The old crippled man is nearer the light than any we have seen.)

They begin to come early, but do not get here before one P. M. Mr. Wright often gets on a pony and rides around a circuit of about twelve miles to tell them to come. A bell would be a great help. I try to hold the crowd together by giving them picture-books to look at, and play and sing for them. They enjoy the music, but I do wish I could tell them the meaning of those dear old hymns.

On the night of the 16th some Navajos up on the mountain were preparing for a big dance. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but suddenly it began to grow dark, and they saw the shadow cover the moon. They stopped the dance and said it was no good. They were much frightened and said the moon had died. Of course they did not know it was an eclipse.

I have not had any sewing-meetings this month, for I have been putting in my spare moments during the day and very late at night sewing for my own family. We have had no sewing done for a year, and some garments had become a necessity, and there was no way to get them but to do it myself. But every day I have given needles and thread to Indians who sit in the Indian room and sew on garments that they buy at the store. The needles and thread sent by the ladies have been a great help. I have made eleven garments for some little orphan children and old people this month. During October there have been 656 Indians at the mission. We have given food to 211, medicine to fifty-six, and garments to forty-eight. When I return from Albuquerque, we will have sewing-meetings regularly. I have quite a supply of sewing materials now. One young lady of Brockton, Mass., sent a barrel of all new materials. Others have sent quite a lot in bundles and barrels. I know much good aside from the comfort gained from the garments made will be accomplished by the sewing-meetings.

Yours in His name,

November 3, 1902.

EDITH A. WRIGHT.

Monterey, N. L., Mexico

IT is my turn to write and give you some information regarding our school, and I do so with pleasure. As you well know, the school field is very extensive. The teachers have good opportunities of visiting the families of the scholars, making their visits interesting, speaking of the school and the mission.

During the present month the four teachers were constituted into two committees, Misses Delfina Cavajos and Virginia Lozano undertaking one division of the field, and Misses Amanda Trevino and Elisa Rocha the other.

We named a day of each month for all the teachers to meet and talk over our duties, and give an account of the work done, our experience in visits, etc. We joined for the first time this month, and I was pleased indeed with the results, more so when we have observed in the Sunday school an unusual number of children who came for the first time.

During my daily visits to the International School I either take a class or watch while a class is reciting which is very helpful to the teacher, and the children become used to having visitors. Then again I will have a good talk with the whole school.

Not many days ago I had an experience with a little boy of eight or nine years old, which was very amusing and original. Through all my experience as teacher in fourteen years I never have had a case before like it. I was requested by Miss Cavajos to reprove the little fellow, who had used improper language to a little girl, but I could not make him confess his fault until he shrewdly made me promise I would not punish him. Said he, "Since you have promised like a gentleman, and given me your word of honor as the director of this school, and because you are going to leave very soon, I will tell you the real truth. It is true I used bad language to the little girl. Now I am satisfied you will not punish me." Of course I did not. We have great reason to be hopeful for the future, for our children are not lacking in intelligence, though in other ways many difficulties lie in our path that must be overcome with the Lord's help.

I will close for the present, and shall try in my next to let you know all that is of any interest or that may occur.

JONAS GARCIA

October 30, 1902.

City of Mexico



WE have moved into our new home, and in a few days our two schoolrooms filled. I have my much-needed assistant, and together we have just seventy pupils, with the best average attendance we have ever had. We have opened an industrial school, which promises to be very helpful. Our larger girls are making doll clothes for Christmas dolls for the little ones, thus learning to sew and do something for others. They have also been making aprons for poor children. I have just ordered a supply of material from the States for the industrial work, and when it arrives we can do better work. We have bought a piano, and will soon begin the formation of a library.

The school is improving all the time, and already applications are coming in for admission in January. After employing an assistant I was able to take older pupils, and now have a class of eighteen, ranging from fourteen to sixteen years, most of them girls. Last year the attendance was almost like a procession through the school, a constant change; this year the same children have been with us.

The enrolment has been from seventy to seventy-five since we moved to our new place, the same pupils all the time, and an average attendance of sixty, which is good for this country.

MARY E. GRISHAM.

2d Guerra, No. 28. November, 1902.

A NEW feature in Baptist Journalism is the following, which we find in a colored Baptist paper of Texas:

"Sister Mollie Harris is an honorable widow of Paris. She is wealthy and industrious. Some good man should seek her arm."

"Sister Williams, of Roxton, is a widow in good circumstances. Who wants her arm?"



PROF. JONAS GARCIA, AND AMANDA GARCIA

Santiago de Cuba, Cuba

THESE have been busy days for us, I assure you. I left Boston, August 27th, and after a busy day in New York, left at 3:15, August 28th, via S. S. *Yucatan* for Cuba. We had a pleasant passage, although not all fair weather, and reached here the following Wednesday at 3 P. M.

Then came the usual searching of baggage by custom-house officials, and I was once more landed. The boat arrived ahead of time, and so no one was at the wharf except Mr. Barocio.

I was to open school the following Monday, but as Tuesday was the anniversary of the organization of the C. E. Society, and we were to have services from 6:15 until night, I could not begin until the Wednesday after.

I have nearly all my old pupils back again, the most desirable ones, at least, and have so much to do. Not that the numbers are so great, but there are eight young ladies, one who takes only English, the others all the studies, and then all the others, so I have an old-fashioned mixed school, of twenty classes a day, and need more to grade them better, but what can I do? I am only one. Mr. Barocio teaches Bible to the young ladies and a young man the grammar in Spanish.

Our rains did not come in September as usual, nor until late in October, but there is a great deal of sickness, and, of course, among my children. When it rains the school-room leaks so badly I have to go into the church, and there with a tin roof, with a class of eight or ten, one cannot hear, and I talk myself hoarse trying to teach. This is, of course, not conducive to good order, for when it begins to rain they all think they must make all the noise they can. I cannot put up any pictures in my schoolroom, it leaks so badly, and it does not look nice; besides, the rain is spoiling the desks and the floor. I do not enjoy it. I am living in San Vicente this year, a preaching station Doctor Moseley opened up last April. It is a very pretty little mountain town, eight miles out on the railroad. Now to a New Englander that is but a little distance, but it is a half-hour's ride night and morning in a filthy car—often filled with dirty workmen, and hens, chickens, birds, fruit, sugar-cane, plants, etc.; men and women smoking. If there is any virtue in *smoke*, I shall not take any contagious disease, for I am well fumigated twice, six days a week. I have two Sunday schools and children's society, and last Saturday commenced with the children here to teach them the Bible and hymns. ELMA GRACE GOWEN.

November 7, 1902.

Southern Child Labor

IN the last twenty years the number of child workers in New England has decreased from 18,000 to 11,000, in the Middle States from 6,000 to 4,300; and in the West from 500 to 300; while in the South the number has risen from 4,000 to 25,000.

A wave of indignation is sweeping over the South, and we believe it will not be long before this form of child slavery will be abolished.

Elk Creek Mission, Hobart, Oklahoma Territory



LAST week a Kiowa woman took her baby and went to Hobart to gamble. The baby was a tiny little creature, and very delicate. While she was engaged in this evil work her baby became unconscious. It had convulsions all night and all the next day until evening. We sent for the best doctor in Hobart, who came at once. After examination he said it was a severe case of pneumonia. Miss Ballew took charge of the baby for the night. She kept onion poultices on its chest all night, and it rested. Half after eleven o'clock Thursday she came home for food and an hour's rest. Her team was harnessed, ready to return to her vigil, but Komalty came hurrying up saying it was dead. It was taken Tuesday, and died Thursday noon. In a short time they brought it for burial. Their custom is to put the dead away as soon as possible. Mr. Hicks made the coffin and I lined it and covered it with a sheet, making it as neat as possible. The mother wailed and wept most piteously. Our hearts ached for the poor father and grandmother. But we felt that God in His wisdom had done the best thing for the baby. This woman has lost all her little ones, and I believe it is through exposure to cold. The Indians do not cut themselves and pull the hair out as of old, but the wailing is dreadful. They have a certain number of days to mourn. For three days after the funeral they will not talk if they can avoid doing so, neither do they eat, only enough to keep soul and body together.

Thanksgiving was a week after they lost the baby. They did not come, but we made up a basket of the best we had and sent it to them. I am sure they enjoyed it.

Two Kiowa men came up to Elk Creek on business. They got return tickets (I suppose good for two days), but they could not read, started home, and thought, of course, they could use the return tickets. When the conductor came to examine the tickets he said, "These are no good, give me money." They told him they did not have any money. He told them to get off. By this time the train was under headway "heap fast." He did not stop the train, but made them jump off. They were both hurt. It was very muddy where they fell, or I suppose there would have been some broken bones. The poor fellows were like the "sow which was washed and returned to her wallowing in the mire." One of them said, "Just because we are Indians he would not stop the train, may be white man, all right, slow up and let him off easy." They stayed over night with us. The next morning one of them could not use his right hand to eat, he was so lame.

Thanksgiving was a good day at Elk Creek. The chapel was filled to overflowing. Mr. Hicks preached from Ephesians 5:20. Robert was at his best interpreting. Then Mr. Hicks asked the people to tell in a few words what they were most thankful for. Kiowa Bill was the first to speak. He was on his feet before Robert got through telling it. Then quickly followed others until all in the house, with the exception of three or four, told why they were thankful to God. Doyeto was thankful that he had found the Jesus road. Lone Wolf was thankful that all his family were alive. Another was especially thankful for a toddling boy whom the Lord had given. One woman said, "I am not a Christian, but I am thankful for this chapel, because I love to come here and hear God's words. When Sunday comes my heart turns or thinks toward this house."

MRS. G. W. HICKS.

November 20, 1902.

Atoka Academy, Atoka, I. T.

THIS is a beautiful sunshiny day, and I wish that you could have been with us. Our boys and girls decorated the dining-room with flags, autumn leaves, and mistletoe, and all seemed so pleased and happy. This morning they gave Thanksgiving Bible verses, after which Mr. Rishel asked that they write a number of things for which they were thankful, and they would be read at the dinner-hour. It was quite encouraging to the workers to hear their testimony of God's love and mercy. Some wrote that they were thankful that they had the privilege of knowing of God and of studying His word. Others wrote that they were thankful for the comforts of life.

But I believe we all appreciated it when one said that he was thankful for this school. One little boy said that he was thankful that God had redeemed his soul, also that Mrs. Williams gave him some candy. Our boys and girls are trying so hard to do the very best they can, and really seem to take a delight in their work.

A few nights ago I was in Mrs. Williams's room, and played for the little boys before going to bed. After

singing she asked them to give Bible verses, and a great number of them gave excellent verses. One little boy, about eight years old, repeated all of the twenty-third psalm. I am thankful that I have the privilege of being among these children, and I hope that my influence may always be such that it will help them to be better boys and girls.

My school work this year is with the older boys and girls. Quite a number of our young people are in my classes, and they do their work as faithfully as the white children in the same grades, and I believe I can say do better work.

As Miss Jones and I have a room in connection with the boys' dormitory, we see a great deal of them. They are obliging boys and will do almost anything for us. It pleases us to think they appreciate us, but I do not know whether they yet realize that we love them especially in the way we do. When I first came here last year I wondered if I could really care for them; they all seemed to act and look alike, but after a time I found that they were as diversified

in their individualities as the rest of the human race, and it was not very long before I really began to love them, and one cannot help but care for them.

In connection with the school work we have a literary society, especially for our older Choctaw boys and girls. As there are so many this year, they are divided into two sections, Mrs. Dawes having charge of one division, and I of the other, one division taking part one Friday evening and the other the next. They do real nice work and each child tries to do his best, so that his side will not make a failure.

I ask an interest in your prayers that I may be more faithful in the Lord's work.
ANNA DICKERMAN.
November 27, 1902.



LAUNDRY AND STOREROOM AT MATHER SCHOOL, BEAUFORT, S. C.

Mather School, Beaufort, S. C.

WE have many causes for hearty thanksgiving at this season. Two months of this school year have been filled with diligent work by teachers and pupils. Our Father has given us all the necessities and many of the comforts. Last week our new seats and desks came and we had money enough to pay for them. We are all now in the new schoolhouse and a busy place it is. We have had three cases of measles, but otherwise the health of the family is good. The clothing has come as fast as we

could well dispose of it, and the sale house, enlarged and newly fitted with shelves, is a busy place.

There are 160 now in school. Forty are boarders. There are quite a good number of our former pupils who are teaching, and we hear of them from time to time. I will send you Eva's letter. She graduated last spring. Rachel writes that when she first went to Cottageville the young men would walk around the church and talk to the young ladies with a cigar in their hands. She got after them about it, and she says some of them stopped, and others are not friendly. There is very little temperance or anti-tobacco sentiment in the South. She is an earnest worker and not afraid to stand for the right.

Mrs. Collins is our helpful assistant as last year. Miss Richardson is the loving teacher and helper of large and small, whose lot it is to be in the primary department. Mrs. Bennett does good, earnest work in the kitchen department. Thursday night Miss Owen invited all the students to the dining-room (all who did not go home), and a happy evening was spent in play, ending with some sweet "spirituals."

L. R. KINSMAN

November 29, 1902.



American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial



O all who peruse these pages, on behalf of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, we wish a "Happy New Year," in the highest and best sense. Nothing is so conducive to real happiness as to be at peace with God and to have the peace of God that passeth understanding rule the heart and life.

THIS era of national prosperity ought to be marked by liberal increase on the part of God's people for the extension and the strengthening of His kingdom. It is gratifying to be able to state that offerings for the Home Mission Society's work are somewhat larger than those for the same period last year, though not sufficiently large, in view of unavoidable enlargement of its work, to remove solicitude concerning a deficiency at the close of the year.

WHY is it that most men do not give *proportionately* to their prosperity? There are many whose fortunes have doubled or quadrupled in recent years, who continue to give only about the same as they were formerly accustomed to give. Why should they not give a thousand or two of their large capital, as well as a hundred or two of their income, after spending thousands for their own living and gratification? Are they properly honoring God with their substance?

THE American Baptist Home Mission Society has recently entered into coöperative relations with the Baptist City Mission Society of Boston, in work for the Italians and Syrians in that city. The society is beginning cooperative work also with the Baptist Church Extension Society of Brooklyn, N. Y. Its special city mission work extends now to six large cities, viz.: Boston, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis. It could wisely use \$50,000 to reinforce the city mission societies in the stupendous task of giving the gospel to the enormous foreign element in our cities, and effectively to lay hold on the growing suburb thereof.

REPORTS from superintendents of missions in the West state that the annual meetings of Baptists in the several States and Territories were unusually encouraging, not only from a financial point of view, but because of the high spiritual character and the earnest and harmonious spirit which prevailed in respect of the work to be done.

A Great Day at Ponce, Porto Rico

LETTERS from Dr. F. T. Hazlewood and Rev. A. B. Rudd, from Ponce, give glowing accounts of the dedication of the new house of worship at that place, November 28th. Several missionaries from other parts of the island, including Brethren McCormick of San Juan and Humphrey of Cayey, were present. A congregation of nearly five hundred people filled the house, while about as many more were unable to get in. Doctor Hazlewood says, "The congregation was made up of a very fine lot of people, some of the best people I have thus far met."

"The whole work here on the island," he adds, "is a revelation to me. It is almost miraculous. Perhaps that is the best way to express it, for the greatest miracle is the practical outworking of Christianity. It is not possible to convey an adequate idea of the greatness of our opportunity. I attended service at Cayey and La Playa also. Both were of great interest. We have a fine set of missionaries and some remarkable native helpers."

WE print here an invitation from Rev. Mr. Rudd to be present at the dedication of the new Baptist church of Ponce, Porto Rico.

The services were held upon the evening of November 28th, at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. McCormick, of Rio Piedras. "We all rejoice that the flourishing mission at Ponce has a suitable house of worship."

M. C. R.

EL PASTOR Y LA CONGREGACION DE LA IGLESIA BAUTISTA DE PONCE

tienen el honor de convidar á Ud. á asistir á la inauguración de su nuevo templo, esquina de Victoria y Bértoli, que tendrá efecto el 28 del presente mes de Noviembre á las 8 de la noche. Sermón dedicatorio por

EL REYDO. H. P. MCCORMICK, DE RIO PIEDRAS.

También se le invita á Ud. á los cultos que se celebrarán los días 29 y 30 del mes, los cuales serán anunciados la noche del 28. Desde la fecha de la inauguración este templo quedará abierto para el culto verdadero de Dios, y al público en general se le dará la bienvenida.

A. B. RUDD, Pastor

PONCE, PUERTO RICO
NOVIEMBRE 28 DE 1906

Mexico: The Law and the Gospel in Lampazos



EV. J. F. KIMBALL, missionary at New Laredo, also supervises the work recently resumed at Lampazos. In a late visit there he had an interesting experience. He writes:

"Tuesday night is set aside for prayer-meeting, but all thought that I must preach, and so I did. We had a fairly good congregation, considering the short time the work has been established. Inside the hall and at the door and windows (the windows on the street open to the floor) seventy-five or one hundred people, the rich as well as the poor, pressed up to see and to hear what was being done and said inside. But, oh, the giggling, the talking, and the criticising! and to set it all off right (?) a hand-organ grinder, with two or three pipe-blowers, arrived on the scene, and opened up their 'racket,' and by this *modus operandi* the sound of our song, of our prayer, and of our attempted talk was virtually drowned out.

"But what should we do? Should we close up and quit? No! that kind of way never wins anything, neither sympathy nor victory, when we are trying to teach Rome the way of life. I simply sent my helper to police headquarters (these fellows, police, are often not to be found when Protestants are being persecuted) with request to the mayor to send policemen at once for our protection while in our religious service.

"The good mayor immediately complied with our request, order was restored, we proceeded with our work, and had a good service. Before leaving the town yesterday, I visited the mayor, and laid the case before him, and he most courteously and firmly promised that a policeman would be sent to keep order during each night service. I simply told the people that they could neither scare us nor run us out; that we only claimed the rights and guarantees of the law, to which the humblest citizen was entitled, and preached some Mexican Constitution as well as the gospel to them.

"Lampazos is the town, it will be remembered, where there was such a fierce fight between the Liberals and Catholics last December. As a result of that fight the Liberal Clubs in the town and community were suppressed by the general government, and so the Catholics claim the victory, and hence their recent bold attitude towards Protestant effort in the town.

"I am happy to say that, notwithstanding the heartless opposition, the work there is opening up with bright prospects."

REALIZE the nearness of Christ. Do not vex your soul by thinking that He lived centuries since. . . . I will say to my soul, "Thy Saviour is looking upon thee; He is watching all thy growth; He is sending His daily blessing upon thee; He is always dying, always rising, always interceding" — a contradiction, it may be, in literal words, but the soul that has passed through the mystery of that agony which is birth will understand that, amid all this contradiction of letters, there is a solid and melodious reconciliation and unity of meaning. — *Joseph Parker.*

Singular and Sacrilegious Nomenclature in Mexico

HOW sacred and profane things are mixed in Mexico, and how blunted must be the religious sensibilities of a people, professedly religious, to allow this, is illustrated by the following from "Modern Mexico."

"The City of Mexico has a complete modern system of street nomenclature, with numbered avenues running in one direction and numbered streets the other way, but the new names, though they have been posted for years, are rarely used. Under the old system each block was a street, and designated by a separate name. This picturesque scheme had the advantage, once learned, of determining locations exactly. Many curious old names remain to show by what queer circumstances the names of streets were first derived. The streets named for saints are innumerable, and the Street of the Holy Ghost is one of the prominent business thoroughfares. In the northeastern part of the city are to be found the Street of the Bachelors, Sheep Street, Thought Street, and Crazy Man's Alley. Many are the remains of the old days when Mexico City was a veritable Venice with canals and bridges. The Bridge of San Francisco is to-day a portion of the Broadway of the capital, while such street names as Broken Bridge and Red Bridge are common. Some of the most incongruous names are often found close together, or even as the names of different blocks of the same street. Pig Street and the Devil's Alley are not far removed from the Street of the Green Cross and the Heart of Jesus Street. The Street of the Thousand Miracles is not inappropriately a continuation of the Street of the Ghosts. The Street of the Lost Child, Don Juan Manuel, and numerous others are named from legends of the olden days that form an interesting part of the city's lore. Other queer names are the Street of the Little Fishes, the Little Plaza of the Conception, Street of Sorrows, Little Cow Street, Potato Street, Sepulchres of Saint Sunday Street, Street of the Aztecs, and Sad Indian Street. Streets are named for Dogs, Rats, Roosters, and Flies. There is the Street of the Ant Hills, Love of God Avenue, Street of the Blind Men, Street of Burned Women, Street of the Grave of St. Paul, Street of the Back of Saint Teresa, and the Avenue of Christ's Body."

Advance in Colorado

FROM the fourteenth annual report of the Colorado Baptist State Convention, presented at its yearly meeting, held the 21st inst., the following cheering facts are culled: that during the last twelve months there have been received into the churches of that convention 541 persons by baptism, and 961 by letter and experience, a total of 1,502, the net gain being about one-half; that nine church edifices have been dedicated, and four new churches organized; that work has been undertaken among the Swedes, among the colored people at Walsenburg, Alamosa, and several other points; and in the southern part of the State, among the Mexican population, Rev. Clemente Lopez, settling at Trinidad, where he has gathered a Sunday school, is preaching from house to house, and has the nucleus of a church, which, however, it has not yet been deemed wise to organize; that the total amount of money raised on the field is \$4,195.12.

A Maltreated People



EV. J. S. MURROW, of Atoka, Indian Territory, the veteran missionary to the Indians, after giving some incidents illustrating the way the Indians were induced and forced to leave their homes in Georgia for lands in Indian Territory, tells of the difficulties and the wrongs they encountered there. His statements are of all the more interest because of the pending legislation in Congress to incorporate Indian Territory in the new State of Oklahoma.

"When I came to the Indian Territory in 1857 the Indians were again a prosperous people, and lived in peace and plenty. They had good homes, farms, and raised all the grain they could use, for there were no markets, while thousands of cattle and ponies ranged the rich prairies. They had churches, schools, and were a civilized people, and were well-to-do.

"Then came the Civil War. And with it ruin and devastation again. Kansas jay hawks and Texas bushwhackers raided the Territory during two or three years. The Indian men were in the Federal or Confederate army, while the women, children, and old men were refugees in Kansas or on the Texas line. It was a dreadful time. I know whereof I speak, for I was with the refugee Indians during all those horrible years of war. Their cattle and ponies were driven north and south by the tens of thousands, for which they did not receive a penny. Their houses were burned, their fields laid waste, and when they returned in 1865-66 their country was again a wilderness. Then came the reconstruction period. Discouraged and disheartened, having been reduced from plenty to poverty twice in thirty years, these Indians again went to work rebuilding their homes. The missionaries encouraged them constantly.

"Then the impoverished whites from the South began to come into the Territory, and outlaws from everywhere found it a place of refuge. Many of the full-bloods who had a few cattle or ponies or a little money were robbed, and occasionally murdered. Well do I remember the rebuke which an old Choctaw woman gave me in 1870, after her husband's murder and the robbery of their money. They were members of one of my churches, and when I heard of the murder of my old friend and brother I took my interpreter and went to comfort the good old sister. She received me coldly, and after a little while arose and bade us to follow her. She led us to the grave of her husband, and, after a few moments of silence, addressed me as follows: 'You are, to some extent, responsible for that grave. Ever since the war you have been urging us to work, to make good homes, to raise cattle and ponies, sell some of them, and educate our children and have money for the Lord's cause. This advice suited my husband and me. We liked to work and have a good home and property. We had plenty before the war. You know how hard we have worked. For two years we have been laying up money to send our two older children off to school. A few mornings ago we rose early, as usual. The old man went

down into the field. I heard a gun-shot. I stepped to the door and saw my husband running from two white men. I saw one of the men fire another shot at my husband, and this time he fell or sat down by a tree. I ran toward him screaming. The men went to him and I could see that they were talking to him. Presently they ran to the woods, jumped on their horses and galloped to the house. When I reached my husband he was able to say. "Go back. They—want—our—money. Save—it—send Silas—Jinsey—school." But I could not leave my husband. I took him in my arms, and in a few moments he was dead. Jinsey had run to Jamis Jones a mile away. I saw the little children running from the house. The men went in. They went up into the loft, found the money, jumped on their horses and rode away. I know you mean right to advise us Indians to work, but it is a mistake. God does not want Indians to have good homes, property, or money, or He would not allow white men to rob and murder us as they do. It is better for Indians to be poor than to be always working for white people.

"But," said I, 'how did the men know you had the money?' I did not.' She replied, 'They came several days ago, got Silas to go with them hunting, gave him whiskey, made him drunk, and he told them his father had money hid in the loft.'

"A thousand times have I heard from the full-bloods such expressions as the following: 'There is no use for us to work hard, get good homes, cattle, ponies, money, for it only excites the white people to get it away from us some way.'

"In view of these facts do you wonder that the Indians are poor and disheartened? They have earnestly opposed the allotment of their lands. They well know what are the motives of the whites and what will be the result of allotment. As long as the land was held in common, the full-bloods felt that they had a home. The whites could not get legal possession of it because the United States Government stood between them and the Indians, but when they are made United States citizens, and the lands are individualized, the whites will rob them in detail. Investment companies have already purchased 800,000 acres of the lands of the Creeks at a nominal sum per acre, even before the deeds have been delivered.

"My friends, the full-blood Indians in the Indian Territory are sitting in their little homes with bowed heads and aching hearts. The future is dark and gloomy. I fear they do not yet see the worst. There is a darker and more damnable doom threatening them. If their Territory is opened to free whiskey, then the destruction and extinction of the full-blood Indians will be swift.

"Better would it be for them to donate half of their land, their rich mines, and even their invested funds to the whites on condition that the prohibition of intoxicating spirits be forever continued in their Territory, for with free whiskey they will lose all their property, their lives, and their souls."

ALL things were made for Christ's glory, and whatever fails to glorify Him misses its mission."

Schools

Shaw University



RESIDENT C. F. MESERVE reports an enrolment, Dec. 6, 1902, of 458; young men, 274; young women, 184. This does not include the night school and the industrial school of the Missionary Training Department. This is the largest attendance on record, and accommodations are taxed to the utmost. The dining-room, which comfortably accommodates about 200, is crowded with 350 boarders.

Estey Hall, the dormitory for girls, and Shaw Hall, for boys, are heated satisfactorily, for the first time, from the hot water heating-plant, which cost about \$18,000. There is great need of its extension to the Leonard Medical Building, and to other buildings also. This can be done only as money is given for the purpose. The cooking-school will soon be in operation. "Rarely can one find in any institution a finer body of students than those now enrolled at Shaw, or a more capably harmonious and devoted faculty. It is an inspiration to conduct chapel services morning after morning in the presence of such a faculty and such a body of students, and realize what a tremendous force for good is operating to lift up a race once deprived of such opportunities and that has enjoyed them for so brief a period."

For the 350 boarders at Shaw University, the following supplies were provided for dinner and supper. Those who will may figure how much each one received of these good things. Apples, 1 bbl; beef roast, 75 lbs.; butter, 15 lbs.; candy, 45 lbs.; cake, 18 loaves; eggs, 18 dozen; flavoring extracts, 6 bottles; flour, 1-2 bbl.; geese, 10; ginger snaps, 2,400; peanuts, 4 bushels; potatoes, Irish, 2 bushels; potatoes, sweet, 2 1-2 bushels; pork, fresh, 208 lbs.; raisins, 25 lbs.; rice, 25 lbs.; sugar, pul., 3 lbs.; turkeys, 35.

THE nations of the world which at the present time stand at the head of all others and are most advanced in civilization are nations whose inhabitants—speaking generally, profess the Christian faith. — *Selected.*

Trials and Triumphs in Our French Work

WE have in Fall River a little over 71,000 Roman Catholics. More than half of them, doubtless, have had the opportunity of hearing the truth during the last four weeks especially, for 14,690 tracts, in both French and English, were put in circulation among them. I had the pleasure of distributing about half of these tracts myself. Only a few men and women refused to take them. I was received kindly almost everywhere. What a change has taken place! A few years ago a work on such a scale would have been impossible. Besides the work in this city, we have sent several hundred tracts in ten States, from

Maine to Colorado, Dakota, and different parts of Canada. During the quarter which will end the last day of this month, we will distribute over 29,000 tracts, or 58,000 pages. This advance in our work has been made possible only by the generosity of a few friends who have sent me lately \$17.00. Thousands are willing to read, and they ought to be supplied with the kind of literature that will rightly direct them on the path where Christ wants them to walk. I would be so glad if more work could be done during the next term. I hope that more friends will assist us in this great movement. I wish the Home Mission Society could take hold of this work, and give us, at least, \$5.00 a week for scattering the light in all directions. If we do not sow abundantly now, we have no right to expect to reap abundantly in the years to come.

The progress made in the work is very interesting.

Opposition, even strong opposition, is unavoidable in such a warfare, but we are gaining the sympathy of thousands of Roman Catholics who are anxious to hear the plain truth, the whole truth.

Let me give you a few of my recent experiences.

On Monday, October 6th, a tall, bright and excited young Irishman called at my house with a tract in his hand, which had been sent to him by a neighbor of his. He was mad, and he wanted to have the man who had mailed him this tract arrested for having attacked his religion. We conversed together a few minutes, and we had a good time. His anger disappeared, and before he left my house I filled



STUCCO CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.

Where Sherman stabled his horses during Civil War. Now repaired and used for public worship

his coat pockets with good and appropriate reading matter. Since then I have given him a New Testament. I feel that God sent this young man to me, and that some day he may be converted. The fight is on, and God will win.

On Wednesday, October 8th, I received a very threatening letter from an Irishwoman. The following extract from her letter will show you what kind of spirit Rome instills in the heart of some of her adherents:

"I hope you will never see the face of God and His angels when you die. May your soul rest in hell, forever and ever. Amen. I would not waste any more time on you, but look out hereafter what you have to say, and be very careful of that life of yours when you go out, for you won't live three months longer if you don't. Your house will be watched in the future."

Though such a threat is serious, it is not sufficient to intimidate us. No Irishman or Frenchman can touch us without God's permission. Such opposition will only serve to increase our courage and zeal in our efforts to save Roman Catholics. If they knew and followed the gospel of Christ they would be a grand people.

Yesterday an influential French Roman Catholic told me that he sent one of my tracts every week to his brother, who is a priest in Montreal, but thus far the priest has been unwilling to say what he thought of them. It is his intention, however, to give his opinion some day.

Another French Roman Catholic told me also that he sends some of the tracts to two of his friends who live in Florida. They are dissatisfied with the teachings of the Church of Rome, and they like to read this kind of literature.

A few Sundays ago a Frenchman of about sixty years of age came to our preaching service. He had a tract in his hand, and he said he wanted to see the preacher. I informed him that I was the man. He presented me a paper, saying, "Did you write this?" At first I thought that a storm was coming, but I replied, "Yes, sir, I did; is it not the truth?" To my great surprise, and to the surprise of the congregation, he answered, "Yes, sir, it is; I came to tell you that it is the truth. I am a Roman Catholic, but I think that our church has deceived us. Now I want to hear you preach." He was one of our most attentive hearers. He also remained at our Bible class.

On a recent Sunday two young Frenchmen, members of the Roman Catholic Church, attended our preaching service. It was the first time that they entered into a Protestant church. After the sermon they asked for a copy of the New Testament, saying: "We have read a few of your tracts, and we have heard so much talk about religion lately, that we want to make a careful study of this question, and get acquainted with the truth as it is taught in the Gospel."

These are only a few of the results of the great agitation which is going on in this city. G. AUBIN.

Oct. 11, 1902.

THE joy of the Lord belongs to those who have done the work of the Lord.

NOTHING is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

Mormon Disloyalty

REV. BRUCE KINNEY, general missionary for Utah and Wyoming, writing December 14, 1902, says: "I enclose a protest which the Ministerial Association of Salt Lake recently passed. It may be of interest to you. It has created an immense stir. To show you that the Mormon Church is the same old sort, I give you an interview with Angus M. Cason, president of the Salt Lake Mormon Stake. He says:

"I hold that I am just as free as any other man to aspire to public office when I have secured the consent of my church associates. Apostle Reed Smoot is in identically the same position. The difference between him and Moses Thatcher is that Mr. Thatcher did not get the consent of his associates. He set himself up in defiance of his associates, and was disciplined.

"The Edmunds-Tucker law cannot be enforced" (said with much heat). "That law was enacted for Territories. Utah is now a State, and we are subject now only to State laws in these matters. We never agreed to abandon our families. I never agreed to it, and I never will do it."

"The ministers are rejoicing over this as it substantiates our very argument, viz.: That Smoot must first secure consent of the Apostolate before he would dare to run; that he has so secured it; therefore it is evident that he dare not act in any matter contrary to the wish of the Apostolate. In other words, that his first allegiance is to his church over and above the State.

"We are sending five thousand of these leaflets to all important religious and political centres. If Smoot is actually elected by the legislature the country will hear from us again."

Ogden, Utah

THIS church is prospering under the pastorate of Rev. O. C. Wright, who, at the close of the first year of his service there, reports twenty-eight persons added by baptism and nineteen by letter and experience, which, after deducting for removals, make a net gain of thirty-three. Evening congregations completely fill the house.

A Messenger at His Gateway

(Isa. 48:16)

A MESSENGER at His gateway, I stand in my place to-day,
Awaiting His slightest summons, and quickly to obey;
The equipment has been furnished, the armor buckled on,
I must be on my errand ere the setting of the sun.

I delight to take His messages to those I know He loves;
I carry words of comfort like the ancient carrier-doves:
Sometimes the messages contain a word of kind reproof,
But then I dare to take them, I dare not hold aloof!

So I stand a "ready" messenger, for King Emmanuel;
When He sends the messages, I know that "all is well."

—Contributed.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT:

New Year's Wishes

FROM all this New Year's precious store
Of wishes, as I scan them o'er,
I choose for thee but three; no more.

These three shall more than thousands prove,
For they shall draw thy heart above,
These names are Service, Trust, and Love.

Trust God, and trust will gain God's best.
Love God, and learn how love is blest;
Serve God and find in service rest.

— Exchange.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE: The theme for this month is the Outlook. Evidently this means a glance over our mission field. As we send our New Year's greeting to you, wherever you may be in our loved New England, or in any home outside where the ECHOES is a welcome visitor, we think of this great field, of its laborers, our teachers and missionaries, and of those whose prayers and gifts and influence are the forces which sustain the toilers. Of the latter class you are a part. We covet for our helpers the Baptist young people, and desire for them the fitting which shall make them efficient workers.

Of all the incidents which show us what the life which is hidden with Christ in God may be, we best love the following, which we give you to take through the year on which we have entered.

"Unspotted from the World"

A RECENT writer tells of going down into a coal mine. On one side of the gangway grew a little plant whose blossom was perfectly white. The visitors were astonished that this little flower should remain so clean amid all the coal dust that was continually flying. A miner took a handful of the dust and threw it on the plant, but not a particle adhered. There was a wonderful enamel on the plant to which no speck could cling. Living there in clouds of dust, nothing could stain its snowy whiteness. This is a picture of what every Christian life should be, and may be. Living in the midst of unholy influences, breathing the world's tainted atmosphere, it is his mission to be undefiled and unspotted by all the world's vileness. And if God can make a plant so wondrously that nothing can stain its whiteness, surely He can so transform the heart and life that no sin can cling to us. He who can keep this plant stainless can keep us unspotted from earth's impurities.

"The Poor Ye Have with You Always"

A LL will be interested in the following narrative from our teacher in New Mexico:

"One day in October, Gertrude, a young Navajo woman, came to us saying a little child at their camp was very sick and wanted some food for it. She didn't want any medicine, for she said the medicine-man was singing over it. A few days later Gertrude's sister came and said the medicine-man had stopped singing and the child was going to die. Mr. Wright went to their camp to see the little one. There were eighteen people there living in three small hogans, one of these unsheltered. The child lay on a sheep-skin on the hard ground in the largest hogan. It was unconscious and burning with fever. From all they have told us about it we think it had typhoid fever. They asked Mr. Wright to pray for it. He prayed and then talked to them about Jesus loving little children. When he came home he said he was going back to stay all night with them. The Navajos are so superstitious and afraid of death. We packed a large valise with things to use during the night. I do not believe there are any human beings on earth that have such barren homes as the Navajos. I put in a clean dress, a wash-basin, soap, towels, candles, mutton broth, a bottle of clean water, and some medicine to lower fever. They bathed the child, and put a clean dress on it, and Mr. Wright gave the medicine all night. They thought her better the next morning, but it was too late. She died the following morning. Mr. Wright got up there in time to see the mother and grandmother burying the child in the rocks. The other people of the camp were huddled together in one of the hogans. A little later the hogan in which the child died was burned. They stayed in this camp, as is their custom, four days, and then deserted it. They have deserted another camp since then, for a little boy died. Another child is sick now.

"The Navajos are so superstitious about death that they do not wait for the last breath to leave the body to take it and bury it. The Sunday following the death of this child the medicine-man who sang over it, and who is the most noted one on the reservation, came to church. Mr. Wright told them that if they would accept Jesus as their Saviour and serve Him, they would go to live with Him in a better world. The medicine-man listened very attentively. At the close of the sermon he said, 'We Indians hope we will live in a better land after this life, but if you white people know you will, I envy you.' He thinks it too late for the old Indians to learn of Jesus, but that it is good for the young people to learn of Him. Mr. Wright told him that older Indians than he had accepted Jesus.

"Oh, it is pitiful to see the wretchedness of this people! When will they turn to the Light? God grant the time is not far off.

EDITH R. WRIGHT."

Our Little folks

The Child and the Year

SAY ID the child to the youthful year :
 "What have you in store for me,
 O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,
 What joy dost thou bring to me?"

"My seasons four shall bring
 Their treasures; the winter's snows,
 The autumn's store and the flowers of spring
 And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these and more shall be thine,
 Dear child, but the last and best
 Thyself must earn by a strife divine,
 If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Truth, patience, courage and love,
 If thou unto me canst bring,
 I will set thee all earth's ills above,
 O child, and crown thee a king."

— St. Nicholas.

DEAR LITTLE FOLKS:— Last month we asked you or your Band leaders to send word by December 15th as to ways in which mission money was earned last year.

The January ECHOES went to press so soon after the December number was out that there was no time to receive the desired messages. Now will our little folks all over New England, just as soon as possible, send word to Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt, Augusta, Maine, how they have earned their money, and the way it was done will be printed in the ECHOES.

We want to hear from you. You got a few pennies in some very simple manner, did you? That is good. Somebody else may want to do the very same thing, if they only have the suggestion from you. We shall look for ever so many letters right away. Please continue to send the facts for the list until you see it given in the ECHOES.

A Beautiful Legend

THERE was a dispute among three maidens as to which had the most beautiful hands. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water and held it up; another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink, and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old haggard woman passing by asked, "Who will give me a gift, for I am poor?" All these denied her; but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift, and satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told, and lifted up before her their hands. "Beautiful, indeed," said she when she saw them. But when they asked her which was the most beautiful she said, "It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook, it is not the hand that is tipped with red, it is not the hand that is garlanded with fragrant flowers, but it is the hand that gives to the poor that is most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven with authority to decide the question in dispute.

How many of our little folks will have the most beautiful hands this new year?

Extracts of Letters



FROM Grace Joy Lewis, (Little Goldie), Fresno, Cal., to Mrs. Reynolds:

"We like our school very much; a few little children, some young boys, and some grown men come. One doctor comes. He knows many books. People say he is smart and a good doctor. It looks funny to see him trying to spell easy words like cat, dog, girl, and boy. We don't see how Miss Stein can go away for a month. I don't know what would become of Lota and me. We are all very busy. Lota studies hard in high school. I am in the B 4th grade. Miss Stein helps us, and all the Chinese. I saw my father, mother, and three brothers last summer. I want them to love Jesus. Miss Stein will write to you before you many weeks. This letter will do till then. We send our love to you."

From Eva Nix, a Mather School pupil, to her teacher at Beaufort:

"I am teaching school twenty-five miles from Allendale. Rebecca Thompson teaches four miles and a half from where I teach. We boarded two miles and a half the first week apart, but she has moved her boarding-place nearer to the schoolhouse, so I won't see her quite as often.

"I like teaching very much now. When I first started to teach I was discouraged. The children were so hard to learn. Their lessons seem more easy to them now, and their minds are unfolding to a broader view day by day. This makes me real happy.

"Miss Kinsman, do you all teach school in the new building now, and are there many boarding students?

"Hope you all are well. I am feeling very well.

"May the teachers and students have a successful term if the Lord is willing."

From another Mather School pupil, Rachel Pinckney, to her teacher:

"You have written to me to send sister Kizzie to school, but you will have to write to Kizzie and tell her to go, because I cannot get her to go to Beaufort.

"I have another sister to go to school next fall if nothing happens. We want to send both the same time, and I suppose I will have to stay home next year with my father.

"Well, Miss Kinsman, I am at Cottageville this year, teaching school, but I find my work very hard; the county has cut the school months down, and very little pay. I try and get the people to run the school a little longer; they seem willing but not able. Collenton County is down in education and it needs some one to help build it up. When I first came here young men would go around the churchyard smoking cigars, and they would talk to young ladies with the cigars in their hands. When I got to my school-room I would talk about it. For doing so, some will speak well of me and some against me. I conclude to give this work up at Cottageville another year. If you have some papers or anything to read I will be very glad of them."

Little Hop Wang's New Year



LITTLE Hop Wang was quite tired. He had been out for hours celebrating New Year, shouting and laughing at the queer-looking men, watching the jugglers and street shows, playing rough games, setting off firecrackers, listening to street music, the drums and tom-toms, till his head ached with the noise, and his poor little feet felt as if he could never stand on them again.

Hop Wang thought he would go home and rest; and how glad he was to find there was no one in the house to send him on errands, or disturb him in any way! It was a cold day, and he built a fire under the *kang*, a stone platform that ran all around the room, rolled himself up in a comforter, and lay down to rest.

In various parts of the room there were some bright new idols. There were little wooden images set up on shelves and in niches, and there was a gorgeous red and yellow kitchen god, made of paper, that he thought was particularly beautiful. As he lay and looked at them his thoughts were something like this: "The white teacher says nobody should worship such gods; that they are only pieces of wood, and can neither see nor hear; that there is a great God somewhere, who made everything and who loves everybody. But then my mother says we must worship these gods: that they will be angry and do something dreadful if we don't; and she must know. I wonder if they would really get angry. Wan Lee was very mad this morning when I hit him in the face. I wonder if that kitchen god would be angry if I should hit it? I believe I will try it."

In a moment Hop Wang was standing on a stool, touching the eyes and nose of the paper god very gently, and trembling all over with excitement. Of course, the god did not move. Then he ventured to poke it quite hard, and as nothing happened, he struck its mouth as hard as he could with his little fist.

"I wonder if he would burn up?" he said to himself,

and then pulled it down, ran across the room, and threw it in the fire under the *kang*.

Yes; it burned just like any other piece of paper.

"I believe the wooden ones will burn, too," he thought; and one after another he took them from the shelves and niches, and threw them into the fire; and in a few minutes all the gods in the room were only a heap of ashes.

Then how frightened he was! "What will my mother say? What will my father do?" he said to himself. "He will give me a dreadful whipping; I am afraid." And then, full of terror, he ran out into some woods near by, and hid among the trees.

When Hop Wang's father and mother came home, they could not think what had happened. The idols were all

gone, and there was no Hop Wang to be seen; and they were very much frightened, too, as they thought some evil spirits might have taken away the idols, and the little boy with them. Perhaps this was a punishment for listening to the Christian teacher who had spoken to the crowd as they passed!

But they hurried out to see if they could find Hop Wang; and after a long time they found him hiding behind a tree, crying as

hard as he could cry. His father took him in his arms and asked what was the matter, and then Hop Wang told him what he had done.

"Don't be troubled," said his father; "I will not punish you. Gods who cannot keep themselves from burning up can't do much to us, good or bad."

Little Hop Wang never believed in idols again. Wasn't that a very happy New Year for him?—*Mission Day-spring*.

Many Littles Make Much

ONCE there was a little snowflake that thought: "Oh, I can do no good. I could not make enough snow for one small boy to draw his sled upon."

But he joined himself to millions more snowflakes, and they all flew down and spread a pure white carpet upon the earth. So many little hands and hearts of many little folks can do a vast amount of good when joined together.



A CHINESE STREET SCENE